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# The Citizen

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## Life and Education.

"On the whole", says Mr. John Fiske, "after making all due qualifications, the Spanish system of government in America was so thoroughly bad that even in the hands of saints it could not have succeeded. It was based upon two bad things, commercial monopoly and political despotism." In the case of Cuba, that island has suffered from the worst forms of both these evils. Until 1813 the ports of Cuba were closed to all but Spanish ships, and since that time the imposts and taxes have drained the island's wealth, while privileges and monopolies have enriched the Spanish party in Cuba at the expense of the Insulars. It is a proverbial saying among Cubans that their governors, great and small, have come to Cuba poor and have returned home rich. "Cuba for the Cubans" is the popular cry", says Mrs. Latimer. "Since the early days of the sixteenth century, 'Cuba for the Spaniards' has been the principle on which the island has been governed. Despotism, while less obnoxious in Cuba than in countries accustomed to free institutions, has, nevertheless, been odious to the Insulars. The Spaniards in Cuba retarded the abolition of slavery till 1886 in the interest of their plantations. They have kept control of the election of deputies and councilors. The chief of their class, the captain general, is a military dictator, wielding ultimate authority over taxation, law, and the press. Therefore the Insulars bear to the Spaniards a bitter and implacable hatred—hatred born of galling social inferiority, of ages of oppression and extortion, of their experience of Spanish perfidy, especially in the loss of liberty achieved by the revolt of the Ten Years' War and guaranteed by the terms of the convention of Zanjón, which Spain would not fulfil. The failure of the Spanish Cortes to implement the promises of its captain general, Martinez Campos, in that treaty is in itself justification for the new appeal to arms that the Cubans have since 1895 been making under Maceo, Garcia, and Gomez. Bad as the Spaniard in Cuba has been, we have, however, only comparative respect for the rebels. We should do well not to indulge in unrestrained admiration of the Cuban insurgents. They are men who wage war by stealth, who fight by dynamite and the torch, and who recruit their forces largely from negroes recently released from slavery. Mr. Grover Flint's testimony, we may say, is that half of the enlisted men are negroes. Barbarous, however, as their warfare is, it is

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humane compared with that of the Spaniard. To slay every captive in this political struggle, to slaughter a peaceful peasantry under guise of "concentration", to emulate the atrocities of Hyder Ali and make a desert and call it peace—that policy has called forth the execrations of mankind and attached lasting infamy to the name of Weyler. In the state of war and unrest to which Cuba has been subjected there has been no guarantee of liberty or safety to life and property. Nor does the Spanish rule of the past hold out any hope of such security being afforded by Spain in the future. Millions of dollars have been lost directly by American owners in the burning of sugar and tobacco plantations and the destruction of mines and machinery. American trade with Cuba, involving a hundred million dollars annually, has been ruined, and indirect losses of vast amount have ensued to American interests. Millions have been spent by our government to prevent our citizens from rendering the insurgent Cubans the aid that humanity has inspired them to make. To crown all, the "Maine" and her crew have been destroyed, and if we accept the report of our investigating board that the ship was blown up from without, we need and ask no further proof of the jeopardy of American rights in Cuba. Cuba is at our door-step; her trade is our trade, her insecurity our menace. Could any people endure the disturbance of their domestic peace forever?

—

THE right of intervention, beyond a very rudimentary stage, is the moot question in international jurisprudence. A committee of the Senate recently quoted eminent authorities whose views were so divergent as to condemn and to sanction our action in the above premises. Guizot, following the bent of Latin civilization, declares that "no state has the right to intervene in the situation or internal government of another state, except only when the interest of its own safety renders such intervention indispensable." Arntz, on the other hand, maintains that the right of intervention exists:—

1. "When the institutions of one state violate or threaten to violate the rights of another state, or when such violation is the necessary consequence of its institutions and the impossibility of an orderly coexistence of states results therefrom." 2. "When a government, acting entirely within the limits of its prerogatives of sovereignty, violates the rights of humanity, whether by measures contrary to the interests of other states or by excess of injustice and cruelty which deeply wounds public morals and

civilization. The right of intervention is a legitimate one, because, however important may be the rights of sovereignty and independence, there is one thing of still greater importance, and that is the law of humanity and human society, which ought not to be outraged."

"On the whole," says Professor Robertson, "the right of intervention has been discredited in international law." But he remarks likewise: Interference to prevent effusion of blood, or put an end to a state of anarchy from which the interests of other nations necessarily suffer, has also been justified, as when England, France, and Russia interfered between Turkey and her rebellious subjects in 1827." Wheaton says of this intervention in behalf of Greece: "The interference of the Christian powers, to put an end to this bloody contest might have rested upon this ground alone ("the rights of human nature wantonly outraged"), without appealing to the interests of commerce and of the repose of Europe."

English intervention in Egypt furnishes a further precedent for our action in the present emergency, for it has had the warrant of commercial interests and humanity alone. Yet intervention of this kind, says Phillimore, is open to abuses and has rarely been put forward without greater and more legitimate reasons to support it. Additional causes of intervention, such as to preserve the balance of power, to secure rightful succession in the dynasty, to safeguard religion, important as they have been in the history of all civilized nations, do not enter into the present case.

—

To defend ourselves and our commercial interests, then, is one reason for our intervention in Spanish affairs; but above all to end a barbarous warfare that has already caused the death of thousands of soldiers and hundreds of thousands of peaceful cultivators, and which has showed every sign of indefinite continuation—these are the reasons for intervention commended by the conscience and will of our people. We may and do regret that the deliberate, irresistible, yet peaceful policy of Mr. McKinley has been precipitated by the hasty and headstrong action of Congress in "directing" the President to wage war. This undue haste gave the skillful diplomacy of Spain its opportunity to discredit us before Europe. Nevertheless we feel that the political and dynastic problems in Spain, and the unity of all parties of that nation respecting the retention of Cuba, would, in the end, have made armed intervention necessary as a final resort. We have lost the sympathy of much of Europe through overhasty action. Yet it is gratifying



that Great Britain stands with us, the one nation prompt to understand and to commend our action—the nation, in the words of Senator Hoar, “which is alike the freest, the most powerful, and the most nearly allied to us by language, history, and blood”. Yet vastly misunderstand they the question who think that the Cuban question is settled with the defeat of Spain. The subjection of guerrillas waging predatory war from mountains inaccessible to regular troops, the race hatred of Spaniard and Cuban, the disposition of a million of negroes recently freed from slavery and fresh from tasting blood, the threatened black federation of the West Indies—these are the difficulties that will beset us. Our own affairs—the problems of sound finance, of social reform, of commercial development—must be indefinitely put aside amidst the excitement of war. It is a bad business and the future is dark enough. But the Anglo-Saxon has set his hand to clean up the bit of chaos known as Cuba, and before he stops he will do it.

In one respect the annual meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science held recently in Philadelphia, was a radical departure in methods from similar gatherings. One topic was selected, around which all the papers and discussions at all four sessions were grouped. This was the study and teaching of sociology. While doubtless this plan may have failed to attract a few persons not directly interested in this topic who might have been drawn by some more diversified programme, it certainly intensified the interest of those who came to specialize on the chosen topic, and it gave a continuity and value to extempore discussions which they do not usually possess at ordinary conventions. Prof. F. H. Giddings delivered the annual address at the opening session, taking for his topic the practical value of sociology, which in his view is found in a true and accurate description of social phenomena leading to a knowledge which furnishes the basis for constructive criticism of all social ideals. Prof. Rowe presented an able paper on the recent contributions of sociology to the study of politics, showing that the newer movements in political science were away from the formalism of Bentham, Austin, and Mill and were leading to a consideration of the real forces at work on men in the world as we find it. Prof. Samuel McCune Lindsay discussed the unit of consideration in sociology, arguing for the adoption of a variable psychological unit which he termed the social imperative. Prof. E. J. James argued for the establishment of commercial high schools with the social sciences as the backbone of their courses.

### Professor William Knight on Wordsworth.\*

When the last word has been said about Plato, it will be possible to say the last word about Wordsworth, and the student of Plato does not breathe a more untroubled air than the student of Wordsworth habitually breathes. What are the distinctive elements that constitute Wordsworth, like Plato, a teacher for all time? To him we owe the nineteenth century Renaissance of poetry in England. In him the creative impulse and the new attitude towards nature and towards man found their highest development. He spoke and wrote because he felt and as he felt. We find in Wordsworth a healthful radiance which is the supreme note of naturalness. He has nothing to offer those who wish excitement. He could not, like Byron, have carried the spectacle of a bleeding heart all over Europe. The message of nature must be received with wise passiveness, and Wordsworth's purpose was to proclaim this to his generation.

He had comparatively little appreciation of the intricate culture of his own age. The complicated civilization of our end of the century would have been distasteful to him; he never understood its best side. But the best antidote to the distractions of human life and the frittering away of its energies, was known to him and was by him nobly uttered.

Wordsworth's literary ambition was to construct a work that might live—his own autobiography in verse. This was to be as a great cathedral, round which his minor poems, properly grouped, would be as little oratories. He felt his mission was not to descend, but to raise men to his own ideal elevation. His sense of the dignity of the calling of the poet is perhaps the highest in all literary history. In spite of the reviewers he went on with grand tenacity of purpose to write poems of unvarying character, confident of the verdict of posterity.

Granted that his secluded life tended to destroy his sense of the true proportion of things, a standard of proportion might have checked the outpouring of his genius. The many-sidedness of Goethe would have maimed Wordsworth altogether. Carlyle has taught us the grandeur of dedicating life to work. To consecrate life to thought and communion with nature, and to the understanding of her underlying spirit is surely a loftier conception, and it is Wordsworth's. His simplicity lay in describing the thing as he saw it. The idea of writing poetry about sheep or a daisy would

\*The substance of a lecture delivered in the Chapel of the University of Pennsylvania, March 24, 1898.

have seemed to the elegant gentlemen of the eighteenth century simple lunacy. Wordsworth saw meaning in the very lowest things of earth. He asked after the significance of things close at hand, the truth of that which is to be found about us day by day. He saw the deeper meaning that underlies the common-places of life and nature. How are we, too, to see the latent dignity in these common things? Wordsworth said, Open the inner eye.

Respecting the accuracy of his local allusions, they are not photographs, they are far better, they are divinations of the places he describes. He had unusually fine physical senses, as Tennyson had. His special power as the delineator of nature was the power of divining the *genius loci*. Nature's face was to him full of expression which revealed character as in the human countenance. It is irrelevant and ignorant criticism to say that he was imprisoned in his own broodings over nature. Nature was nothing to him apart from man. It is a foolish charge that he saw only himself in nature.

Matthew Arnold rightly notes the healing influence of his poetry. He interpreted the universe in terms of humanity. He saw nature though his own lenses, but he saw into the heart of nature. He was preëminently a seer; not an idealizer. Nature reveals man, as man mirrors nature. The life of nature is fundamentally kindred to our own. Between man and nature there is such a correlation that it is only through the one that the other can be understood, and this Wordsworth has taught us nobly. The high function of his poetry is to bring us into harmony with nature. The poet far more than the scientist gets to know the luminous face of nature. We cannot see nature as Wordsworth did because of our artificiality and shallowness.

There is the closest relation between Wordsworth's moral elevation and his intellectual insight. He perceived the *alter ego* in nature, not as an idealization of the mind, but as a reality of mental vision.

Nature cures us of morbidity as well as of artificiality, hence the healing power of Wordsworth's verse. Our introspectiveness and our self-consciousness are rebuked by nature, hence the moral tonic of his poetry. What immense serenity, large, divine tranquillity, and infinite hope breathe through his poetry! The strength of the hills is in all he wrote. He reinvigorates the heart by taking it away to some natural well of thought and feeling. Wordsworth is an open secret. As long as the streams of Westmoreland sing their songs of peace, the radiance of the poet's genius will disclose the inmost soul of nature and the deepest secrets of life to English-speaking people!

### A Modern Satirist.

The temptation to trace parallels in the history of literature, in spite of the uncertainty or probable incompleteness of the result, is irresistible. "History never repeats itself" is perhaps as true as the more familiar statement that maintains the contrary, but it does not give, as the latter does, a chance for the forecasting imagination to exercise itself. I am accustomed to amuse myself by tracing out resemblances between the state of English literature in the seventeenth century and its condition in the latter end of the nineteenth. The seventeenth century was a period of decadence. The Decadents of that time did not use the term, nor do we in speaking of them now, but the phenomenon was there. We call it Marinism, and the adherents of it the Metaphysical, or more correctly the Conceited, School. The origin of the conceited school, however, is to be sought in precisely the same principle to which the rise of the Decadents in our own time is to be attributed. What was Marinism? It was the last stage of dying romanticism. The essential difference between the classical and the romantic in art, according to Mr. Pater, is that the latter demands "strangeness in beauty". In proportion as the original impulse of the movement becomes weak, the tendency grows to confound strangeness with beauty, and finally the grotesque is exalted above the beautiful. That is the principle of the development from Spenser to Donne and Cowley; it is also the principle of the development from Wordsworth and Tennyson to the writers who glory in the title of Decadents. Of course the social and intellectual conditions now and then are widely different, but this is not a proposition in sociology, merely in the history of aesthetics. Granting it as a hypothesis, the forecasting imagination goes on to fill out the parallel and predict a period of satire and prose for the near future similar, in its general tendencies, to the age of Pope; and it finds some things in the present condition of literature that tend to confirm its prediction. One of them is Mr. Pater's 'Marius the Epicurean', the chief interest of which is its presentation, under the guise of a Roman gentleman of the second century, of the typical man of culture of the nineteenth groping his way through a maze of the loose ends of philosophies. Such a book is in effect satirical. Another, and the one which gave rise to the train of thought here presented, is the work of an author of much humbler pretensions—Mr. Owen Seaman's 'Battle of the Bays'.

'The Battle of the Bays' is a collection of parodies. It is not Mr. Seaman's first attempt in this kind, for he gained a local reputation as a writer of humorous verse while yet an under-

graduate at Cambridge. His first book was a volume of humorous and society verse, made up of pieces originally contributed to the 'Cambridge Review' and the 'Oxford Magazine', and published in 1888 under the title 'With Double Pipe'—a volume that was well spoken of by Mr. Andrew Lang, among others, at the time of its publication. In 1895 he published another, 'Horace at Cambridge', consisting of humorous and satirical verse that he had found time to write for the 'Granta' while engaged as a University Extension lecturer on Greek Art and Social Life and afterwards as Professor of Literature at the Durham College of Science. Before its publication, however, the author had withdrawn from the field of classical scholarship and devoted himself to another, one that in England opens as commonly into the life of letters as it does in America to that of politics. He became a student of the Inner Temple. From that time he has been a frequent contributor of literary and political satire to the London papers. The political satire, directed for the most part against the Salisbury administration, is represented by 'Tillers of the Sand', which was published in 1895. The literary satire of 'The Battle of the Bays' is however of more interest to Americans and of more importance as a literary phenomenon; for besides the cleverness and fun there is in this volume a strain of just and penetrating criticism that entitles the author to be called a satirist in the more serious sense of the word.

Merely as a parodist Mr. Seaman has possibly never been surpassed in the language. He can write Kiplingese as readily and as perfectly as Swinburnese, and Whitman's peculiar combination of the per-fervid and the commonplace presents no more difficulties to him than does the *recherché* epithet of the Decadent. 'The Battle of the Bays' proper is a series of parodies satirizing eight of the candidates for the laurel that now rests on the head of "good horticultural Alfred". It was really unnecessary to write "After A. C. S." before such a stanza as the following:

"When erased are the records, and rotten  
The meshes of memory's net;  
When the grace that forgives has forgotten  
The things that are good to forget:  
When the trill of my juvenile trumpet  
Is dead and its echoes are dead;  
Then the laurel shall lie on the crumple  
And crown of my head!"

'The Rhyme of the Kipperling' has the ringing, swinging movement of 'The Rhyme of the Three Sealers' to perfection. Mr. William Watson is gravely satirized in unimpeachable elegiacs. The Orientalism of the author of 'The Light of Asia' is hit off with a broader humor but not less effectively:

"Low laid at thy feet—little feet—in the dust like a  
worm,  
Round the train of thy skirt, O my Peacock, I fitfully  
squirm.

By Allah! I swoon, I rotate, I am sickly of hue!  
And the Infidel swore that Jam-Jam was a Temper-  
ance brew!"

'Swords and Ploughshares', written on the occasion of the Venezuelan war scare and reprinted in the same volume with 'The Battle of the Bays', is at once a clever political skit and an inimitable imitation of Whitman.

It is easy to ridicule a thing; not so easy to make the ridicule witty; not at all easy to make it a vehicle of just and effective criticism. It is the critical force of his satire that distinguishes Mr. Seaman from the mere parodist; and this quality, while apparent on every page of 'The Battle of the Bays', is shown most strongly in his treatment of

"The precious few, the heirs of utter godlihead,  
Who wear the yellow flower of blameless bodlihead"—

the Decadents. It was well that the superficiality and strident egotism of the Yellow Book poets should be pointed out, for they were attracting a good deal of attention among the half-educated and doubtless exercised a pernicious influence on public taste. One of the secrets of their "art" is an affected singularity of epithet. Mr. Seaman shows the shallowness of this trick in a single line:

"The air is bosom-shaped and clear".

This has the trick in perfection; and how foolish it is made to look! Allied to the singular epithet is the grotesque metaphor, of which an example is furnished (with comment) in the following:

"And O, the sun!  
See, see, he shakes  
His big red hands at me in wanton fun!  
A glorious image that! It might be Blake's  
Or even Crackanthorpe's!"

The work of this school—for it doubtless aspires to the distinction of being called a school—whether metrical or pictorial, may, in a juster figure than its followers often use, be compared to a soap-bubble. The colors whirl and change, more lurid at each stage, until the bubble breaks, and lo! there is nothing in it but a drop of dirty water. Mr. Seaman pricks the bubble very prettily. Of the three parodies of Decadent "art" in the book perhaps the best is 'A Ballad of a Bun'. A lady who has long struggled in vain for fame—and pay—as a writer of "songs and tales of pleasant cheer" sallies forth determined to learn life and write in the new fashion.

"A Decadent was dribbling by:—  
'Lady', he said, 'you seem undone;  
You need a panacea; try  
This sample of the Bodley bun.

It is fulfilled of precious spice,  
Whereof I give the recipe:—  
Take common dripping, stew in vice,  
And serve with vertu; taste and see!"

She ate, and wrote, and became "the topic of the town".

"We recognize", the critics wrote,  
'Maupassant's verve and Heine's wit';  
Some even made a verbal note  
Of Shakespeare being out of it."

We are reminded that it is not a great while since some very reputable journals hailed the author of 'Les Aveugles' and 'Serres chaudes' as the new Flemish Shakspeare. This unfortunate lady, however, had the bad luck to have the fashion change again just as she had learned the New Art.

"Across the City's sounding din  
This rumor smote her on the ear:—  
'The publishers are going in  
For songs and tales of pleasant cheer!'  
'Alack!' she said, 'I lost the art,  
And left my womanhood foredone,  
When first I trafficked in the mart  
All for a mess of Bodley bun!"

This is something more than parody. It is critical satire of a very sound and wholesome character. It is one of the signs of an approaching period of sanity in popular aesthetics; and it justifies the title of this sketch.

HENRY MARVIN BELDEN.

If the Gothic Revival has done nothing else, it has taught us at least to know and to love what Gothic was, and has produced architects capable of creating beautiful works, constructed upon the same principles and inspired by the same spirit as our grand old abbeys and cathedrals. But it has done more than this; it has at least shown the way to a further development of Gothic, on lines adapted to the needs and usages of modern society; and whatever form the architecture of the future may take, it cannot fail to be largely indebted to the labors and genius of such men as Pearson, who have not only cleared the old ground, but tilled it with success.—Cosmo Monkhouse, in 'Pall Mall Magazine'.

The printers of the 'Times' do not settle what is to be printed: the writers even do not settle what is to be written. It is the editor who settles everything. He creates the 'Times' from day to day; on his power of hitting the public fancy its prosperity and power rest; everything depends on his daily bringing to the public exactly what the public wants to buy; the rest of Printing-House Square—all the steam-presses, all the type, all the staff, clever as so many of them are,—are but implements which he moves. In the very same way the capitalist edits the "business;" it is he who settles what commodities to offer to the public; how and when to offer them, and all the rest of what is material. This monarchical structure of money business increases as society goes on, just as the corresponding structure of war business does, and from the same causes. In primitive times a battle depends as much on the prowess of the best fighting men, of some Hector or some Achilles, as on the good science of the general. But, nowadays, it is a man at the far end of a telegraph wire—a Count Moltke, with his head over some papers,—who sees that the proper persons are slain, and who secures the victory. So in commerce.—Walter Bagehot, 'Economic Studies.'

### Our Annexation Policy.

War with Spain, in spite of the disclaimer of the President and Congress, means sooner or later the serious discussion of Cuban annexation. Approaching this question from an historical point of view we may ask two questions:—first, Has the United States by a series of historic precedents committed itself to a certain definite line of action wherever foreign territory is concerned? and second, Is there such a thing as "manifest destiny", which will in the future sanction the annexation of foreign territory?

It may be said of the historic precedents that the situation of the United States when its national existence began was unique. We faced no such problem as an over-plus of population. Our own frontier territory was in great part an unexplored wilderness, and the new states, themselves, sparsely populated and widely separated, were essentially foreign to one another. Steam and electricity had not as yet made them near neighbors and the acquisition of territory but a trifle more foreign could not arouse any special interest. The vast lands contiguous to our own were under a foreign domination that was merely nominal. The accession of these territories one by one was a not unnatural expansion. And this the makers of the constitution themselves in part realized. Gouverneur Morris said that he signed the constitution knowing "that all North America must at length be annexed to us—happy indeed if the lust of possession stop there". With the exceptions of California and Alaska our action was in no respect unwarranted by the conditions we faced and did not savor of acquisitions made for the mere sake of dominion and power and at the expense of an existing government. The seizure of California resembled a land grab pure and simple. In the case of the Alaskan territory, the last annexation, all previous conceptions were thrown to the wind and a territory remote and not contiguous became a part of our nation. Louisiana, our first great increase in territory, was added in 1803 because a most potent need for its acquirement had arisen. Fear of Napoleon's zeal in reviving the French colonial empire, led us for the sake of self-preservation and the unimpeded navigation of the Mississippi, to take advantage of the first abatement of that zeal. At this time it was questioned if the Constitution permitted any extension of territory of any nature whatever. The almost general exultation of the people over the purchase was one of the answers to doubters. The annexation of Florida in 1819 aimed to rid us of the one other foreign menace to our frontier settlements and to free our commerce from all restrictions. Whatever may



have been the doubtful means used, Texas came into the Union because the dominant population there were our own people. The remaining acquisitions were the natural result of American settlement. The frontiersman cut his way through the primeval forest and built his log hut in regions previously occupied almost exclusively by the red man and the wild beast. To-day all land of this nature has been incorporated into the national domain. We have reached the point where annexation of any territory means the direct interference with a foreign nationality. The precedents plainly do not warrant such an interference; but the precedents were made under conditions that cannot always exist.

Up to this time the people of the United States, though not without having given numerous instances that they possessed symptoms of the same land fever that affects European nations to-day, have on the whole manifested a positive inclination to be fair. This quality of fairness, and, in the early years, the desire to keep free from foreign entanglements, have produced many exhibitions of a temperate view of annexation. Thus we have managed many times to restrain our covetousness for the Pearl of the Antilles and her sister islands; and, while entirely sympathising with the efforts of South America to shake off the domination of Spain, we have not attempted to cast our aegis over the republics of a day that flourish there.

If there is such a thing as manifest destiny, it can show itself only in the moral appeal which our free institutions may make to our neighbors and which may lead them to gravitate towards us, just as some educated Cubans look to the future of their island in annexation. Canada has probably gone too far on the road of individual and national development to make her union with this republic at all probable. Nor is it likely that Mexico with an alien language and religion different from that of the majority of our nation, will change her state. We can possibly look for the influence of our example in the formation of the United States of Central America or even a West Indian federation. But in view of the strong aspirations of Cubans for a republic, the prophecy of John Quincy Adams now seems futile:—

"There are laws of political as well as physical gravitation; and if an apple, severed by the tempest from its native tree, can not choose but fall to the ground, Cuba, forcibly disjoined from its own unnatural connection with Spain, and incapable of self-support, can gravitate only towards the North American Union, which, by the same law of nature, can not cast her off from its bosom". ERNEST D. LEWIS.

## Recent British Verse.

### ESTRANGEMENT.

So, without overt breach, we fall apart,  
Tacitly sunder—neither you nor I  
Conscious of one intelligible Why,  
And both, from severance, winning equal smart.  
So, with resigned and acquiescent heart,  
Whene'er your name on some chance lip may lie,  
I seem to see an alien shade pass by,  
A spirit wherein I have no let or part.  
Thus may a captive, in some fortress grim,  
From casual speech betwixt his warders, learn  
That June on her triumphal progress goes  
Through arched and bannered woodlands; while  
for him  
She is a legend emptied of concern,  
And idle is the rumour of the rose.  
—From 'The Hope of the World, and Other Poems',  
by William Watson. New York: John Lane.

### VITAI LAMPADA.

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—  
Ten to make and the match to win—  
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,  
An hour to play and the last man in.  
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,  
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,  
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote  
"Play up! play up!" and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—  
Red with the wreck of a square that broke:—  
The Gatling's jammed and the colonel dead  
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.  
The river of death has brimmed his banks,  
And England's far, and Honour a name,  
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks,  
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year  
While in her place the School is set  
Every one of her sons must hear,  
And none that hears it dare forget.  
This they all with a joyful mind  
Bear through life like a torch in flame,  
And falling fling to the host behind—  
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

—Henry Newbolt, in 'Admirals All'. London and New York: John Lane.

### PUCK LOST AND FOUND.

Puck has fled the haunts of men:  
Ridicule has made him wary;  
In the woods, and down the glen,  
No one meets a Fairy!

"Cream!" the greedy goblin cries—  
Empties the deserted dairy—  
Steals the spoons, and off he flies.  
Still we seek our Fairy!

Ah! What form is entering?  
Loveliest eyes and laughter airy!  
Is not this a better thing,  
Child, whose visit thus I sing,  
Even than a Fairy?

—"Lewis Carroll", in 'Three Sunsets and Other Poems'. London: Macmillan and Company.

## Reviews.

## Spain and Cuba.\*

Few movements can be imagined less tempered by a spirit of judicial firmness than popular excitement caused by a supposed national affront. It was such an excitement which caused the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, it was under the control of such a feeling that the United States entered the War of 1812, and it is in the midst of the indignation aroused by the loss of the "Maine" that we are called upon to consider the Cuban struggle at our very doors. That the Spanish authorities had not adequately guarded against the occurrence of such a disaster undoubtedly complicates the problem of our Cuban relations, but a more extensive knowledge of Spanish as well as of Cuban conditions is essential for any one who would have an intelligent opinion of the existing war and of the attitude which the United States assumes toward the combatants.

It is impossible for one to glance over the history of Spain since the reign of Charles I and not feel strongly the humiliation to which she has been subject. Her possessions in Europe and a large share of her commerce were lost with the independence of the Dutch Republic. A little later the balance of her trade was transferred to England, and finally as the result of Napoleon's effort to use her resources in his gigantic struggle against all Europe, her control over South America was broken and she was left with Cuba and Porto Rico alone, a mere remnant of her former vast colonial empire. Can we not in some degree sympathize with her as she now uses all her endeavors to prevent these islands also slipping away? But this was not all. As if to make sure that no compensating benefits should result to the Spanish peninsula the nations of Europe overthrew the comparatively liberal constitution of 1812 and handed the Spanish people back to a régime of absolutism, while England and the United States refused to allow the intervening powers to do anything to compel the return of the former Spanish colonies to their allegiance. Now that Cuba is in revolt we condemn the Spanish military and civil government in that island, but we have forgotten, if we knew, that the administrators of the island government received their instructions in politics before leav-

ing their European homes, in a country whose opportunities to obtain liberal institutions were frustrated by forces from without. While, therefore, we may hope that Cuba is to-day seeking a liberalism denied by Europe to Spain, let us not blame the individual Spaniard so much as the school in which he has been trained.

And now a word for the insurgent. It is not strange that the men who see heroism and a praiseworthy devotion in the Spanish resistance to Napoleon in 1812 should admire the Cuban patriots of 1898, using the same means of offence against a despotism just as intolerable, but it is almost ludicrous to see writers praise the one effort and condemn the other. It is by fire and the machete that the Basque provinces in Spain have retained the privileges granted them on their union to the crown; it is by the machete and fire that Gomez seeks revenge for the violated promises of 1878. It is the same warfare. If one is worthy of admiration so is the other, but is it not more in accord with the spirit of the times to see in both contests the essential traits of barbarism? Mrs. Latimer in her recent volume gives an interesting account of the six or eight more prominent insurrections in Spain during the century and in the warfare of all of them we can see the same traits. It is a sad history that is placed before us. To quote but a single instance, if Spain to-day treats her captives as harshly as she treated the French prisoners of ninety years ago then indeed there is need of intervention. On the other hand, it is difficult to believe that the insurgents are so uniformly just and humane as they are pictured by the war-correspondent, Mr. Grover Flint. The mass of the people among whom they move are on their side, they have not the same reasons for plunder that prevail with the Spanish, but their training, their ancestry, nay, some of their own acts, forbid us to believe that once triumphant the insurgent government would be more than a military dictatorship the character of which would depend upon the person at its head. No one denies the grievances of Cuba, but we may ask if independence will remedy them? On this question the books before us give little enlightenment. Mr. Flint has written a tale of adventures among the insurgent forces, interesting indeed, but throwing little light on the future. Mr. Murat Halstead presents a better description of Cuba and Cuban life, but the political ability of the inhabitants is an unknown quality. Both, however, join in hearty denunciation of the Spaniards. Mrs. Latimer gives, indeed, a good idea of Spanish life and character, but her chapter on Cuba is too short for an adequate discussion of island politics. In her primary

\*'Spain in the Nineteenth Century'. By Elizabeth Wornley Latimer. 2d ed. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

'The Story of Cuba'. By Murat Halstead, 6th ed. Akron, Ohio: The Werner Company.

'Marching with Gomez'. By Grover Flint. Historical Introduction by John Fiske. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe and Company.

field, that of Spain, she affords us a well arranged scrap-book of information gathered from books, periodicals, and in some instances from personal experience. It does not pretend to be a history, but it is probably the best account which the English reader can obtain of a period covered fragmentarily, if at all, by more pretentious writers. On one point, however, intelligent curiosity can be satisfied. What resources has Spain left with which to oppose the independence of Cuba? Is her financial power exhausted?

Nominally the national debt of the Spanish nation has increased little, if any, since 1885, when it stood at one and one-third billion dollars. In reality, however, the so-called Cuban debt of nearly three hundred million is a burden upon the country, for while nominally charged to Cuba it is guaranteed by Spanish revenues. In addition, the bank of Spain has advanced over sixty million dollars and can furnish no further assistance except by imperilling its gold standard. The interest charge on the total debt amounts to one hundred million dollars or one-eighth of the budget of the nation. Not until 1897 was a serious effort made to offset the burden of continual expense by a resort to war taxation, but since then taxes have in the case of some articles (e. g. wheat) been increased to triple their former amount. The result has been a great increase in beggary, yet this is not the saddest part of the story. Owing to the repeated conscriptions many small farms are insufficiently tilled and poverty in the midst of plenty is imminent.

If we turn from the social to the political problem there is little encouragement. There are five political parties or factions in Spain, all anxious for the preservation of the existing colonial possessions, but each ready to revolt in case any policy is advanced which seems to endanger such preservation. Thus the government is obliged to maintain its hold upon Cuba, and for this end must raise large sums of money from an impoverished although a proud and patriotic people. This in itself is no easy task, even were there no dread of outside interference or internal revolt. With these additional dangers who shall prophesy the result?

Let us next look at the Cuban grievances, remembering that many of them exist in Spain also, and are causes of discontent at home. In the first place, Cuba has been taxed, not lightly and for colonial purposes—which was sufficient to cause the American revolt in 1776—but taxed heavily and for European projects in which she had no interest whatsoever. No protection in one's home, no method of securing a just or speedy trial if accused, no freedom of thought, no real government of any kind aside

from the will of the Captain-General exists to this day. It is only this century that has seen Cuba allowed to trade with any nation beside Spain, not until the middle of the century was there religious toleration, and not until 1885 was slavery abolished. Meanwhile, an ever-present evil is the unconcealed arrogance with which the foreign-born Spaniard and office-holder regards his Cuban fellow-citizen.

After several minor insurrections these evils culminated in the Ten Years' War (1868-78). This was an attempt to use the deposition of Isabella as South America used the deposition of the Bourbons in 1808. The insurgent military and civil officials did not work in harmony and the rebellion did not succeed, a result which explains the attitude of superiority taken by the military forces in the present uprising, and may throw some light on the future of the republic, should Cuba become independent. Even with this drawback Spain succeeded in quieting the island only by liberal promises and as liberal a use of money. In the present rebellion the insurgents seem more united, although there is no sign of decisive victory for either party. Intervention seems the only way to secure peace to the unhappy island, and yet what shall be the future? Has the United States, professedly acting for the cause of liberty, safety, and progress, any right to allow Cuba of the twentieth century to become a second San Domingo? If the island is left in independence have we any grounds to expect a different future for it? Confessedly we are not intending to take the island for ourselves, but in what other way can prosperity be guaranteed? Assuredly the position of the American government is by no means an easy one. Of one thing we may be warned. In case the war is closed by American intervention the world has a right to expect a government more stable and honorable than the one we shall depose, and the United States will have taken her first great step toward the assumption of responsibility for the conduct as well as protection for the territory of the minor American states.

C. H. LINCOLN.

Then the joy that spurs the warrior's heart  
To the last thundering gallop and sheer leap  
Came on the men of the Guides: they flung apart  
The doors not all their valour could longer keep;  
They dressed their slender line: they breathed deep,  
And with never a foot lagging or head bent  
To the clash and clamour and dust of death they went.  
—Henry Newbolt, in 'Admirals All and Other Verses.'

—  
"Valor consists in the power of self-recovery, so that a man cannot have his flank turned, cannot be outgeneraled, but put him where you will, he stands. This can only be by his preferring truth to his past apprehension of truth; and his alert acceptance of it from whatever quarter."—Emerson.

### South Africa.\*

When Mr. Bryce visited South Africa in 1895, European interest in the diamond mines at Kimberly and the gold mines of the Rand was at its height. British statesmen were greatly puzzled by the troubles with the Boers and the natives, and by the projects of Mr. Rhodes and the South African Company. In Europe, the vaguest ideas of the country and its peoples were current. Mr. Bryce wished to study these questions on the spot. He traveled over the greater part of the country, visiting the most important places, talking with the leading men, and observing with the eyes of a statesman. He has given us his impressions in a most readable book, well worthy of the author of the 'American Commonwealth'.

The South Africa of which Mr. Bryce writes is that triangular portion of the continent south of the Zambesi and between the Indian and Atlantic Oceans. Its physical features, fauna and flora, its native races, its early history, its present condition and the sort of life men lead in it, the economic resources and the main features of its society and its politics Mr. Bryce describes in broad outlines, yet with sufficient detail and color to hold the reader's interest.

"To understand the material resources and economic conditions of South Africa, and indeed to understand the history of the country and the political problems which it now presents, one must first know something of its physical features." A high range of mountains (Quathlamba) varying from 3000 to 11000 feet in height runs from the Cape in a north-easterly direction to the valley of the Zambesi. A similar range extends from the Cape along the West Coast. Between these ranges there stretches a fairly level plateau for 3000 to 5000 feet above the sea level. A narrow coast belt, wet and generally unhealthy, lies between the mountains and the sea. The high mountains on the east prevent the prevailing winds from carrying much moisture far inland to the plateau. Although Cape-town is as near to the equator as Algiers, the altitude of the plateau and the dryness of the atmosphere render the climate healthy and bracing. The absence of much rain and the heat of the sun have turned the western part of the plateau into a barren, and in some places a desert. The height of the mountains and their proximity to the sea make the rivers short and rapid; and the low marshy coast-belt has few harbors; so that until Europeans began

to build railways the interior remained unknown save to a few hardy traders and explorers who used the slow, cumbersome ox-trains.

Seven peoples have mingled and struggled on this triangular portion of Africa. Three are native and four European. Of the natives, the Kafirs alone can withstand the effects of the encroaching civilization. The Bushmen have practically disappeared and the extinction of the Hottentots will probably follow at no distant date. The Kafirs not only survive, but are increasing at a faster rate than the Europeans.

Near the end of the fifteenth century the Portuguese attempted to form a settlement on the East coast and from that base to conquer the interior. The unhealthiness of the coast-belt and the vigor of the native tribes frustrated that attempt; and South Africa, for well-nigh three centuries, remained untouched by Europeans save at two or three places on the coast. The Dutch began better than the Portuguese. They approached the continent from the South-west where the mountains touch the sea and the deadly coast-belt disappears. Here they remained, never penetrating more than a hundred miles inland until the British took possession at the beginning of this century. Troubles arose in course of time between the Boers, the Kafirs, and the English; and the Boers moved inland. In 1883 Herr Luderwitz came from Bremen to West Africa and by his enthusiasm induced Germany to annex the great Namaqualand and Damara-land, "an enormous wilderness or barren", on the west. A bad climate, centuries of disease, and a natural indolence have put the Portuguese out of the race. A "dreary, desolate region" and a harborless coast afford the Germans but slight foothold. The future of South Africa is in the hands of the sturdy, independent Boers or Dutch farmers and the aggressive British traders. On the plateau are three British colonies and two Dutch republics. No important physical features separate them. In fact, physical features, railways, agricultural and industrial interests, everything, save sentiment and past history, point to a common destiny.

South Africa presents three interesting problems—a race question, a color question, and an economic question. Like Canada it has two powerful races (the Dutch and the English) each preserving its language, and intensely national in sentiment; but unlike Canada these races are not locally separate, nor have they behind them half-a-century of misunderstandings, conflicts, battles, and secessions. Like the United States it has a color question; but unlike the United States the blacks far

\*'Impression of South Africa.' By James Bryce. New York: Century Company. Pp. xxii, 495, three maps.



outnumber all the whites on the continent and promise to increase still more rapidly. And to make the question still more difficult, the labor-question is involved in that of color, for all unskilled labor is done by the blacks.

The present antagonism between the Boers and the English is due partly to national characteristics, partly to the life men must lead in that country, partly to the presence of an inferior race, the blacks, and partly to a succession of blunders by impatient English officials. For some years after the British took over the colony the two nationalities lived together very peaceably. But the arrest of a Boer farmer for maltreating a native led to a slight uprising which was speedily and severely put down. Then followed an attempt to make English the sole official language. The interference of the Home Government on behalf of the natives—an interference due to the representations of the missionaries—kept the Boers and even the English residents at the Cape in a continual state of irritation. The great grievance, however, came in 1834 when Great Britain freed all the slaves in her dominions. She gave compensation to the slave owners, but South Africa's share was much below the value of the slaves. "Many farmers lost the bulk of their property, and labor became in many districts so scarce that agriculture could hardly be carried on." The Boers decided to flee from Pharaoh into the great wilderness. In 1836 about 10,000 persons moved northward and settled in the districts north of the Orange and Vaal rivers. This is the beginning of the Orange and Transvaal republics. "Few now survive of those who took part in the Great Trek or migration, but among the few is Paul Kruger."

The subsequent history of these states is little more than a succession of internal feuds, wars with the natives, and intrigues with short-sighted representatives of the British Crown. The troubles within and without reduced the reluctant British government to annex the Transvaal in 1877, war followed, and thrice the British were defeated. Preparations on a more extensive scale were made for the invasion of the Transvaal. "The British government were advised from the Cape that the invasion of the Transvaal might probably light up a civil war through the colonies." The Orange Free State was preparing to join the Transvaal. The Boers in the Cape and Natal were exhibiting signs of restlessness. The Gladstone Government preferred the loss of the Transvaal to civil war. Subsequent events have not justified the treaty; though Mr. Bryce believes that the ministry acted wisely.

The discovery of gold and the great rush of

the English into the Transvaal have changed South African politics. The British have shut the republics off from the sea and hemmed them in on every side, and at the same time have made them more accessible by building railways. The Boers have steadily resisted the encroachments from without and the agitation from within, firmly resolved to maintain their control of the republic. Jamieson's untimely raid kindled the suspicions of the Dutch at the Cape and irritated the Orange Free State as well as united the progressive and conservative Boers in the Transvaal and postponed the day for constitutional reform—a reform which Mr. Bryce believes must come within ten or twelve years. Mr. Bryce believes that ultimately the British Colonies and the Republics will be united in a Customs Union, if not a Confederation; but he is not so sure about the Republics becoming part of the British Empire.

The color question is not so urgent as the race question. South of the Zambesi there are about 750,000 whites and between 7,000,000 and 8,000,000 blacks. In the Orange State the blacks outnumber the whites two to one, in the Cape and the Transvaal three to one, in Natal ten to one, elsewhere forty to one. The whites treat the blacks with contempt, do not intermarry, refuse them political privileges and will not educate them. Boers and British are practically of the same opinion, though the Boer is more severe. The missionaries and the Imperial officials alone treat them with consideration. The missionaries are trying to educate them. Yet the whites do not maltreat them. They simply treat them as cattle. They are forced to rely on them entirely for their unskilled labor; for the whites are disinclined to do heavy work, partly because they think it degrading and partly because the climate is too hot. In the northern parts—in Mashonaland and Matabililand, the natives are not easily induced to work in the mines. They dislike the confinement, and desire only money enough to buy two oxen—"heretofore the usual price of a wife." In fact so serious is the difficulty of securing labor that some have advocated compulsion. Here the Imperial Government intervenes and counsels patience. The black at best is an unreliable workman. "He is unstable, improvident, easily discouraged and easily led astray." "In point of education and in habits of industry the American negroes are far ahead of the South African." The political difficulty is not great. The constitutions of the Boer republics expressly deny the blacks equal civil rights. The franchise laws of the democratic colonies, by means of property and educational tests, exclude them from voting. The blacks submit and are not resentful. Mr. Bryce believes that no serious difficulties will

arise until they are too numerous for the means of subsistence.

What is the economic future of South Africa? At present stock-raising, agriculture, and mining are its principal industries. Not one tenth of the country is suitable for tilling. The area could be considerably increased by irrigation, if the markets would warrant the expenditure. Yet these untillable tracts are good for stock-raising, if large areas be taken. Here again success depends upon good markets. These markets for the present must be found at home. South Africa cannot compete with America and Russia in the food markets of the world. Consequently the mines are South Africa's greatest hope. Its prosperity depends largely upon them. The extent of its mineral wealth no one knows. Its diamond output is likely to vary but slightly for years to come. Its gold will increase, but the days of the Rand are limited to fifty years. Gold elsewhere is uncertain. Coal, iron, and copper have been found, but not in sufficient quantity nor of the proper quality to render manufacturing profitable. Though possibly the day may come when its mineral wealth will disappear, yet the mines have opened up the countries, brought railways, and better means of communication. Great industries must be found in other directions, and what they will be will depend largely on causes outside of South Africa.

WALTER C. MURRAY.

### Evolution in Intellectual Development.\*

John Stuart Mill conceived "that the order of human progression in all respects will be a corollary deducible from the order of progression in the intellectual convictions of mankind; that is, from the law of the successive transformations of religion and science". Comte, too, believed that "ideas govern the world";—though he emphasized the "preponderance of the affective over the intellectual faculties" as "the first essential idea of our true nature", and regarded the intellect rather as "the guide" to moral evolution, than the impelling force. Mr. Crozier, apparently, does not go so far as either Comte or Mill. It is evidently not his purpose in his present work, at least, to take intellectual development,—to use Mill's words again,—"as the one element in the complex existence of social man preëminent over all others" and "the prime agent of the social movement". In his introductory volume, 'Civilization and Progress', Mr. Crozier did un-

dertake, it is true, "to exhibit in a general way the parts played in the complex movement of civilization by the great cardinal factors of Religion, Government, Science, and Material and Social Conditions, pointing out the laws which regulate the interplay of these factors as they roll along together down the course of Time"; but even in this enquiry, no one of the "cardinal factors" was given precedence over the rest and none served exclusively as a guide. And now taking the general principles laid down in his introductory volume, Mr. Crozier proposes simply to apply them, as he says, "to one great factor in Civilization, viz. Intellectual Development", including under this term "the three great departments of Religion, Science and Philosophy". Instead of giving it precedence over the other factors he would simply isolate the history of intellectual development, and attempt to reduce it to a separate scientific law by describing its peculiar "curve of evolution". Others have made the attempt before.—Hegel, Comte, Buckle, and Spencer,—but all, in the author's opinion, have failed in one or more respects. For lack of proper material Hegel "was obliged to limit himself to the enunciation of a single general law", true enough for the movements of intelligence in the abstract, but too wide to be of any practical value. Comte's law of the "three stages" Mr. Crozier thinks the most comprehensive and philosophical, but again too wide for the purposes of scientific prevision. Buckle simply adopted Comte's classification under other names, and Spencer's law of evolution the author finds applicable to the universe as a whole but barren and useless when applied to the history of intellectual development. Mr. Crozier, therefore, acknowledges his greatest philosophical indebtedness to Comte. Indeed, he tells us in his "Key" that the views men entertain in the world depend upon the notion they have formed of the nature of the causes by which they conceive these effects to be produced, and in classifying these causes as religious, philosophical and scientific, he is simply repeating Comte's law of the three stages, with but a slight turn of phraseology.

Greek philosophy, whose evolutionary curve Mr. Crozier traces in the first part of the present volume, deals with metaphysical causes, and what he is pleased to call "the little bark of philosophy" is conceived in figure to float down a stream, whose banks are religion and science, until it finds its final moorings in Christianity. The religious bank of polytheism repelled the philosophers, the scientific bank failed to support them and they were thus rushed from idealism to materialism and back until they came to the regions of the will. The idea is instructive but the metaphor labors heavily in

\*'History of Intellectual Development: on the Lines of Modern Evolution'. By John Beattie Crozier. Vol. I, pp. xv. 519. London and New York: Longmans, Green, and Co.

the sea, and finally founders completely in the following: "And thus the little bark of Philosophy which had been so overweighted on its ideal side by the Eleatics, that its material side was lifted high and dry out of the stream as but illusion or appearance merely, now became so overweighted by Heraclitus on the material side, that the ideal or spiritual side was reduced to a fiery Aether, that is to say almost to a material substance". Legend tells us of the remarkable nautical evolutions of the Flying Dutchman, and we are familiar with the facile movement of the Ship of State on the uncertain sea of metaphor, but nothing we know of in figure or fact can compare with this wonder of marine simile, the "bark of philosophy". Even after the catastrophe noted, the little bark (now spelt barque, like an unlucky ship that must change its name) soon reappears upright on the surface once more and sails triumphantly to its Christian port.

The second part of this volume, dealing with the evolution of Hindoo thought, seems to be introduced in order to show the effects of Eastern philosophy upon the intellectual development of Europe and not with a purpose of its own. We are told that the influence of Hindoo philosophy must always be slight in the West because it acknowledges no principle of intelligence in its Supreme Power or First Cause, while European religious philosophy having arrived at the Principle of Intelligence can never go back. An extremely interesting analysis and refutation of modern Theosophy concludes this portion of the work.

Part III opens with a comparison between the Soul of Paganism and the Soul of Christianity. Mr. Crozier's canon of distinction is novel and in many ways instructive. The spirit of paganism, he says, may be expressed in the relation of master and slave, while the spirit of Christianity is summed up in the relation of parent and child. This is to a large extent true, but must not be taken too positively. The parent and child relation is always emphasized among patriarchal communities, and, as both Fustee de Coulanges and Herbert Spencer have shown, lingered long in Greek mythology, even after Greek philosophers had proclaimed slavery to be natural. But the founders of Christianity were longer in the patriarchal stage, and they themselves were enslaved. May we not then refer the distinction to historical causes, instead of generalizing from innate ideas?

Mr. Crozier's conception of the "evolving centres in religion", viz. the Conception of God, the Supernatural Ideal, and the Moral Code, is extremely suggestive, and gives the required direction to the curve of development of Juda-

ism which is next described. The author's account of the growth of Monotheism among the people of Israel also serves as a proper point of departure for following the curve of development of the theory of a Personal Will subsequently reached by Christianity.

The last part of this first volume follows the evolution of Christianity down to the time of Justinian, and this, together with the preceding chapters on Judaism, occupies the greater part of the present work. This philosophy of the history of the greatest of religions is profound and luminous in its depths. The subject is vast and, in the light of modern higher criticism, extremely complex, and yet so thorough is Mr. Crozier's mastery of the material and so deep his insight into the soul of the movement, that the reader is carried along through these fascinating pages with a delightful sense of security and confidence in his guide.

To return, in conclusion, to our point of departure: if the intellect be not as Mill believed, the "one social element which is predominant, and almost paramount, among the agents of the social progression", but only "one great factor in Civilization", as our author takes it; how, we may ask, can we be so sure of these "curves of intellectual evolution"? We may describe the course of the intellectual development of the past, but can we from this isolated point of departure describe the curves of the future? We could, no doubt, if, as Comte said, "ideas govern the world"; but what if the world—the material, economic world—governed the development of ideas? In this case scientific prevision would only be possible provided we understood the complexity of all the factors making for civilization. But personally Mr. Crozier inclines toward idealism, and, finding the facts of the world, even in their complexity, insufficient to account for ideas, he falls back on a "Co-ordinating Power", a "Genius of the World", an "Unknown X in the equation which is *not ourselves* which makes steadily for moral ends". And thus, I take it, he is at variance with the materialists and one with Comte in the belief that "ideas govern the World".

LINDLEY M. KEASBEY.

There is no subject of street ornament so wisely chosen as the fountain, where it is a fountain of use; for it is just there that perhaps the happiest pause takes place in the labor of the day, when the pitcher is rested on the edge of it, and the breath of the bearer is deeply drawn, and the hair swept from the forehead, and the uprightness of the form declined against the marble ledge, and the sound of the kind word or light laugh mixes with the trickle of the falling water, heard shriller and shriller as the pitcher fills. What pause is so sweet as that—so full of the depth of ancient days, so softened with the calm of pastoral solitude?—John Ruskin, 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture.'

## Emerson, and Other Essays.\*

There are two common difficulties with contemporary criticism, even when it is of a serious order. It is likely to be the work either of a literary amateur, and so to tend toward mere impressionism, or of a schoolmaster, and so to become a matter of scholastic information. Mr. Chapman, in his recent volume of essays, has avoided both these dangers, and done real service thereby. He brings to bear upon his literary study a wide range of thought upon other than merely literary matters, and an independent way of thinking which just fails of deserving the name iconoclasm.

The historical and sociological methods are suggestively used. The attempt is always to relate the author under consideration to his environment. This is carried out most thoroughly in the case of Emerson and his relations with New England, with the anti-slavery movement, and with American democracy (the essay on Emerson occupying nearly half the volume); and again in the case of Michael Angelo and Protestantism, Browning and the early nineteenth century, Stevenson and the reaction against the scientific spirit. Mr. Chapman's particular views in these studies will meet with varying judgments. He is perhaps a little unappreciative of the old New England spirit and education, and his expression of gratitude "for the little group of men in Cambridge and Boston who did their best according to the light of their day" is worse than disrespectful—it is patronizing. His most conspicuous theory is that of the bondage of democracy. Thus he represents Emerson as the cry of a soul crushed by democracy; believes an unprejudiced on-looker would find in America a community "uniform, . . . law-abiding, timid, and traditional," instead of the somewhat brazen and irrepressible republic of the British imagination; and again he speaks of "our formal manners, our bloodless complexions, our perpetual decorum and self-suppression." To many there will be some comfort in learning that we are much less boisterous than we had feared; but others will inquire where the author of these sayings has carried on his repressed existence. Mr. Chapman's psychological criticism is even more noteworthy than his use of the historical method. His account of the spirit of mysticism, in the essay on Emerson; of the emotional egoist, in that on Romeo; and of the "tramp" spirit, in that on Whitman,—are really revealing in their truth to experience and their interpretation of the literature in question.

\*'Emerson, and other Essays'. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

The personal equation will of course determine one's view of the appreciative element in these essays. To most persons the account of Emerson's cold yet illuminating nature will seem eminently fair. To those Americans who have been sorely tried by English eulogy of Walt Whitman (as by strangers who persist in favoring the black sheep in one's family) Mr. Chapman's explanation of the English attitude, and his exposure of Whitman's tramp-nature and essential unreality, will be really delicious. So, too, those who have been left lonely in not having been carried away in the Stevenson movement, will be pleasantly amused by the detection of Stevenson's stylistic borrowings, and by the saying that "when the latest Palace Hotel orders a hundred thousand dollars' worth of Louis XV. furniture to be made . . . in Buffalo, and when the American public gives Stevenson an order for *Pulvis et Umbra*—the same forces are at work in each case." But others will be hurt by these things. Neither disciples nor detractors of Browning need be displeased by the essay on Browning; but the former will note with regret that another critic has joined the procession of those who underestimate Browning's metrical powers and his dramatic characterization.

The highly wrought style of Mr. Chapman will surprise those who have not known him. The translation from Dante is a real achievement in simple dignity of diction, and (with exceptions) in the successful use of *terza rima* in English; the sonnets from Michael Angelo are not so noteworthy. Mr. Chapman is a master of the sentence. One constantly lights upon suggestive sayings which, as he himself says of Emerson's, "get driven into your mind like nails, and on them catch and hang your own experiences." Thus of the Transcendentalists, "They cut open the bellows of life to see where the wind comes from;" of Emerson, that he "seems really to have believed that if any man would only resolutely be himself, he would turn out to be as great as Shakespeare;" of Whitman, "He patiently lived upon cold pie and tramped the earth in triumph;" of Browning's poetry, that it is "a treasury of plunder from many provinces and many ages;" and of style, that "when we say of a new thing that it 'has Style,' we mean that it is done as we have seen things done before."

Two limitations are connected with this mastery of the sentence. There is not infrequently a suspicion that something has been said first because it is clever, and only secondly—if at all—because it is true; this destroys the trustfulness of the reader. The other limitation is less excusable: it is the defective paragraph structure. RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN.



### Max Müller's Reminiscences.\*

"The good book of the hour . . . is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you." No more convincing example of Ruskin's penetrating definition could readily be found than these hasty jottings of the great Sanskrit scholar, penned, as he tells us, for his own amusement, during a few weeks of enforced abstinence from work. It is essentially printed talk, the easy, genial conversation of a scholar who is also a man of the world, as recorded by himself,—heart-free monologues, which the speaker has at his own discretion confided to the art preservative. It is a good book, and carries every point because the pleasant is mingled with the useful.

To those who knew Professor Müller only through his learned works, or his combat with Whitney, 'Deutsche Liebe' must have come as a startling surprise. The popular notion of a scholar is a creature of parchment and goggles, with no heart, no stomach, no legs and an encyclopædia with a calculating machine attachment in the place of a brain. But this widespread superstition must have received a rude shock, when it was found that a man might devote his life to Vedas and Aryans and other prehistoric wild fowl and yet be human—that the same hand could write 'The Science of Language' and as tender and graceful an idyll as any in the language.

This present book sets every possible doubt at rest. The man hinted at in 'Deutsche Liebe' is here writ large. Telling much of others, he tells without knowing it more about himself.

The familiar abbreviation of the imperial name his godfathers and godmothers gave him in baptism is not without meaning. "Professor" and "Right Honorable" as he is, no one thinks of giving him such titles: he is Max Müller to all Europe, and at least one other continent as well. The frontispiece explains the book. It is the portrait of a fine old English gentleman, in Privy Councilor's uniform, dress-sword on thigh and cocked hat in hand. The only suggestion of the professor is the *Brille*. So, in the book the man of the world overshadows the scholar, and is on that account none the less interesting and readable.

The chief influences which have moulded the man who made the book are two,—the old Germany of little states and Oxford.

The picture of life in his native town of Dessau seems like a quaint illuminated page torn from mediæval annals. The reigning duke was monarch of some twelve thousand subjects with an army and a court. A political

agitator who had to be expatriated threatened to throw stones and break the duke's windows as soon as he had crossed the frontier. There all things continued as they were from the beginning. The name of a coffee-house recalled Wallenstein's siege. The high road had to be weeded from time to time, so scanty was the traffic. The prime minister, his father, Wilhelm Müller the poet, had a salary of about fifteen hundred dollars a year, and used to fill his leather-lined pockets with cakes and bonbons for the children when he dined at court. It is easy to sneer at the petty German states; it is easy to see their ridiculous side. But what modern community of the same size anywhere, nowadays, with all our boasted wealth and progress, can offer its young men of talent the advantages which his native town gave young Müller,—a just local pride, good music, literary associations, the society of refined and cultivated people? The musical recollections and the pages dealing with the dukes of Anhalt-Dessau give the specific tone to these reminiscences. It is strange to think of a man, not really old, who yet spent his boyhood under conditions which seem as strange and as hard to recall as those under which the Cave-men existed.

How much he has seen! From the window of a house in Paris he witnessed the Revolution of '48, which affected even quiet Dessau, and ended definitely the old régime. As a student he saw shy old Uhland at Haupt's house at Leipzig, he studied Persian at Berlin under Rückert, he saw young Liszt in his gorgeous Hungarian costume, when Mendelssohn was an acknowledged master. At Potsdam, he dined with Frederick Wilhelm IV. and had speech with the veteran Humboldt, who told him that now at eighty he needed four hours sleep; but "When I was your age, I simply lay down on the sofa, turned down my lamp, and after two hours' sleep I was as fresh as ever." Müller's comment is natural but not obvious. He must have lived, by this simple expedient, four times as long as ordinary mortals, and so was enabled to accomplish the enormous amount of work which stands to his credit. Some men work in this way now, but just as they perfect their system, like Molière's horse, they die. Of his life in Paris as a student in the '40's, he says: "I was very poor then; I hardly know now how I managed to keep myself afloat, yet I never borrowed and never owed a penny to anybody. I disliked giving lessons, but I worked like a horse for others, copying and collating manuscripts at the Bibliothèque Royale. I lived like a Hindu Saunyasîn, but, as Heine said,

\*'Auld Lang Syne'. By the Rt. Hon. Professor F. Max Müller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Und ich hab' es doch ertragen—  
Aber fragt mich nur nicht: wie?

With his settlement in England in 1847 apparently his struggles came to an end. His book has throughout a glad, triumphant tone, as befits a man who has made his way by sheer force of brain, character, and hard work. Henceforth his career is connected with Oxford, and the curious college of All Souls. Here he is at the centre of things, and is in the way of meeting with all the distinguished men and women of the last half century. The influence of Oxford has been strong and beneficial, but not paramount. His previous German training social advantages, knowledge of cities and men preserved him from the donnish queerness into which the native Englishmen naturally lapse. In spite of his loyalty to his adopted home, he remains a man; he never becomes an Oxford man.

About Oxford men, professors, visitors, royal princes or impostors, he has many anecdotes, all fresh and interesting. He attempts the impossible in a chivalrous defence of his friend James Anthony Froude. Some one really ought to write an essay on Bad Temper Considered as a Motive Force in English Literature, there are so many capital examples, ready to hand, of indignation making books, as well as verses. New light is thrown on Kingsley's career; and various illuminating touches make such men as Thackeray and Tennyson and Browning more comprehensible to us. Not the least interesting part of the literary recollections is that dealing with Holmes and Lowell and Emerson. He notes that Lowell gave sharp replies when teased about the stingy way this country paid her diplomatic service. And this is the man certain Americans thought unpatriotic.

The book in general bears the impress of its origin. Occasional lapses in English betray the foreigner but give piquancy to the style, like a misplaced accent or wrong quantity in English spoken by a foreign tongue. On the other hand, the insidious influence of his English environment has led the native German to misquote perhaps the best-known quatrain of Heine.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

"Tis a strange world we came to, you and I—  
Whence no man knows, and surely none knows why;  
Why we remain—a harder question still:  
And still another—whither when we die?"

"This clay, so strong of heart, of sense so fine—  
Surely such clay is more than half divine!

'Tis only fools speak evil of the clay—  
The very stars are made of clay like mine."

—Richard Le Gallienne,—Omar Khayyam.

"What is to become of us," asks Amiel, "when everything leaves us, health, joy, affections, when the sun seems to have lost its warmth, and life is stripped of all charm? Must we either harden or forget? There is but one answer, Keep close to duty, do what you ought, come what may."

### Francis Place.\*

Mr. Wallas has used his materials to make an interesting book, a fact worth noting, because there is obviously more instruction than entertainment to be drawn from his theme—the life of the indefatigable but hardly genial champion of the right of working-men to combine and of the Reform Bill of 1832.

Place was born in "a sponging house", London, November 3, 1771. He was the son of a disreputable person, by turns a bailiff, a tavern-keeper, a baker, and always a gambler. At fourteen the lad, who had been sent to school since he was four years old, was apprenticed to a leather breeches maker; he married early, and fought his hardest battles with poverty and the cruelty of the times, while he was living in one room, or a room and a closet, with his excellent wife. He rose from journeyman to master, and, while still in the prime of life, attained an independent pecuniary position, by sheer force of character.

With an iron physique, he in turn worked and accumulated, or, when work failed, he spent and studied even in the face of starvation. He allowed himself no indulgences except books and instruction, and he had enough shrewdness to use the information acquired for practical ends. When he undertook business on his own account he quite understood the value of credit, and ingeniously fostered it—much to his advantage, as it served in lieu of capital. As a master-tailor he waited on his customers, as his business required, respectfully, but with the reserve of a man who respected himself; in his library he was quietly preparing for a mastery of another kind.

At the age of forty-six he was able to leave his shop and make available in politics and in the social agitations of the day his well digested reading and carefully classified knowledge. To his house at Charing Cross, "The Civic Palace", came all sorts and conditions of men for information, stimulus, and advice; they were lucky if they escaped without admonition or reproof. He had done with waiting upon people of riches or title; he was not flattered by their invitations, and he knew they would neither enjoy his society nor he theirs; if they wanted to see him upon business connected with matters in which he was interested, they could come to him, and were welcome if he could make use of them. With clear perceptions as to his purposes, with compelling gifts for organizing, or carrying on an agitation or a campaign, he received his lieutenants, his pupils in politics, his working-men

\*'The Life of Francis Place, 1771-1854'. By Graham Wallas, M. A. London and New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

friends, or members of Parliament, and coached, restrained, or stimulated as in his judgment occasion required. He wrote reams of circulars, addresses, petitions, pamphlets, letters, news-paper articles, and what not—generally informed by good sense, but never relieved by grace of style or a spark of humor. He took himself and the world most seriously and became a power.

Place was an active and often a directing force, in almost every important movement started in his time to better the condition of the class from which he rose, whether by trades-unions, education, or legislation. He was a member of the committee of the British and Foreign School Society, which exploited the educational ideas of Joseph Lancaster, and drew up its by-laws. Lancaster's methods were imperfect, and the large plans of the society ended in apparent failure, but the idea of "schools for all" survived to be fully realized in 1870. It was chiefly by the generalship of Place that the exasperating and inhuman laws against combination among workmen were repealed in 1824. He was a leading spirit in forcing the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832, which disfranchised forty-one rotten boroughs and increased the power of the middle classes in the towns.

England had been brought to the verge of revolution by the expectation that William IV, wishing to support the Lords in their opposition to the bill, would intrust the government to Wellington as representing the conservatism of the upper house. William yielded when Place and his friends, as a last resort, incited the people to withdraw gold from the banks and almost precipitated a panic. A placard worded by Place, reading "TO STOP THE DUKE, GO FOR GOLD", was proposed, printed, and posted all over London in a single night, as well as dispatched to the provinces and Scotland. Again it was Place who drafted "The People's Charter", formulating the aspirations of the movement known as Chartism; he joined in attempts to reform the Law Courts and political machinery; at one time he had "on hand schemes dealing with the Corn Laws, Police, Vestries, Parliamentary Reform, and the employment of children in cotton factories".

Most of the reforms for which Place labored, not generally expecting immediate results, but hoping that they would be the fruit of time, have since matured and fallen into the lap of society—whether for health or pain doctors disagree, but, according to the consensus of lay opinion, much to the advantage of civilization and the happiness of the world. Froude, one of the doctors—most anxious in his day—wrote in his essay, 'Party Politics', which,

taken altogether, has the note of Cassandra: "Look at England before the Reform Bill, and look at it now; its population almost doubled, its commerce quadrupled; every individual in the Kingdom lifted to a higher level of comfort and intelligence".

For many years Place was intimately associated with Jeremy Bentham and James Mill; he was also on terms of friendship with J. B. Say, the French economist, and in contact with many others who were doing intellectual work of a high order. If he needed such encouragement, these relations must have given him double assurance in schooling Joseph Hume, or trying to guide Sir John Cam Hobhouse or to disillusion William Cobbett. He was himself a thinker and a lover of learning as well as a man of action; his influence in affairs was great because he had a clear head, a strong will, abundant energy, and no vanity. A man who will pay for French lessons when half-pennies are lacking for bread and learn Latin at forty-six, as a guest in a house where children of eight are reading Greek, is a man of character and a born student.

The life of Francis Place is instructive in that it reveals what character and intelligence can accomplish against adverse circumstances, that it furnishes, in a time of corruption and political tergiversation, an instance of honesty and fidelity to principles, acting not to produce impotence, but making for strength and success; it also teaches a lesson in clever practical politics uncontaminated by baseness; and above all it marks the value of special knowledge of the kind that reformers will seldom take the trouble to acquire. He was aware that the knowledge born of patient study, painstaking, and method is worth a deal of words and zeal. We see in Place one who, whatever he thought could or should be done towards making the conditions of life easier for the poor, won his own way, asking no favors. He was not a visionary or a fanatic; he kept his head and used his wits; and throughout his life, although thrown with many people of wild or extreme views, he was as a rule remarkably sane; that he was an agnostic, an unfaltering "Neomalthusian", and the father of fifteen children, ten of whom lived to maturity, is not conclusive to the contrary. Finally, we may learn from this life what it is to be really disinterested in the service of humanity. Place expected no reward; he kept himself and his deeds as much in the background as possible; he neither wanted office nor position, or cared for outward signs of authority.

As a large part of this biography is composed of extracts from the Place papers in the British Museum, Mr. Wallas's own gifts of style are in a measure submerged; but the book

is well put together and the insight into the politics of England from 1807 to 1840, the importance and interest of the events touched, make it a valuable contribution to history as well as a book pleasant to read.

CHARLES DATCHET.

### Christian Greece and Living Greek.\*

Dr. Achilles Rose of New York, well known as a lecturer on subjects relating to Greece of to-day and its language, has just published, under the title 'Christian Greece and Living Greek', a book which will commend itself to every one who is interested in the affairs of that little kingdom. It contains mainly discussions of certain questions which have arisen in relation to Greece and on which no single connected work has appeared in this country; namely, the questions of the pronunciation of Greek, the changes of the language and of the people since the beginning of this era, and the proposal to make Greek an international language for scientists and scholars.

The pronunciation of Greek as taught in our schools follows the so-called Erasmian method by which the sounds of many of the vowels and of some consonants are entirely different from the sounds of such vowels and consonants in the language spoken by Greeks to-day. This school pronunciation is traced back to a dialogue written more in humor than in earnest by Erasmus and published in the year 1528. This work, 'De recta latini græcique sermonis pronuntiatione', in which the speakers are a lion and a bear, was, in the then unsettled state of Greek studies, taken in earnest, and so the pronunciation as now used in schools and colleges arose and was called after the name of Erasmus. It is interesting to note, however, that he himself did not use it, as is shown by one of his dialogues in which Echo answers in Greek to questions put in Latin. The great opponent of this system and champion of the pronunciation used by the modern Greeks themselves, Johann Reuchlin, has given his name to the Reuchlinian or modern pronunciation. The battle between these two schools is on. Friedrich Blass and other philologists stand on the side of the Erasmian, Edward Engel, Rangabe, and others on the side of the modern pronunciation. With the latter party Dr. Rose takes his stand, and argues for the adoption into our schools of this modern method. Even with its so-called fault of the frequent repetition of the *iota* sound it would at least give a uniformity of pronunciation in all countries, a thing much to be desired. This

view the Greek government is trying to promulgate, and it may be added that the minister of Public Instruction in France has ordered a trial of this method in the higher schools.

In his historical chapters Dr. Rose speaks first of Byzantine Greeks and shows that certain historians, such as Montesquieu and Gibbon, are responsible for the rise of some erroneous ideas in regard to this period. He examines the statement of Fallmerayer, that the Hellenic race has died out of Europe, and that the Greek of to-day is really a Slav, and finds that it cannot be proved. Upon this ethnographic question, however, some light may be thrown by future researches into the modern language. The horrors which Greece suffered under Turkish rule, the revolution of 1821, the attitude of the great Powers toward Greece, the establishment of the kingdom and the vicissitudes of its rulers are all treated at length and with energy. Throughout he aims to show the continuity of race and language, and succeeds in giving a very readable account of those events and persons in the history of later Greece, elsewhere scantily treated. Finally comes a chapter on Greek as an international language of scientists and scholars. The attempts to provide such a language are well known. The proposal to make Greek this international language started with d'Eichthal in France in 1864. He was followed by Boltz in Germany and by many others. Dr. Rose is also an exponent of this view, urging that Greek is easily learned, and provides easily for the formation of such compound words as are needed in science, of which a great number have already been formed from this language. This view, however, is held only by the more enthusiastic of the students of modern Greek, and their proposal does not seem likely to gain fulfillment. Disregarding the merits of the Greek for this use, one can be tolerably sure that the efforts put forth in this direction will be as fruitless as those of the advocates of Volapük have been. The spread of English may, in time, fill whatever want is felt in regard to a common tongue of science. Dr. Rose is a believer in the teaching of Greek as a living and not as a dead language, with which view he finds many other scholars in accord.

Taken all in all this book brings much information not to be found elsewhere in English and is to be welcomed as a very successful attempt to bring before the American public the most important of the questions relating to Greece and Greek. "A language, whose unique destiny it has been", as Professor Jebb says, "to have had from prehistoric times down to our own an unbroken life", deserves attention.

II. DEF. SMITH.

\*'Christian Greece and Living Greek'. Dr. Achilles Rose. New York: Peri Hellados Publication Office.



## Book Notes.

The many volumes in which Mr. William Watson has addressed the world have revealed a fine but by no means a strong poetical genius. He has himself lamented that the muse to him is "but a fitful presence seldom tarrying long." He is a master of the epithet, of the polished line, even of the epigram, but rarely of the whole poem. A fundamental weakness of nature, physical at base, no doubt, judging from his early childhood and his temporary insanity in 1892, tinges his best work with that pathetic weakness which is often found as a chief note in our minor poetry. Mr. Watson's earlier volumes have made clear his appreciation of nature, his subtle and almost morbid interpretation of life, tinged by the doubt and unrest which he inherits from Matthew Arnold, his exquisitely just interpretation of literary history, his vehement and even frenzied activity anent the fall of Gordon and the Armenian massacres, and, finally, an artistry that recalls the finish of eighteenth century verse. His latest volume, 'The Hope of the World and Other Poems', iterates without specially deepening all these earlier impressions. The religious doubt that we became familiar with in 'The Great Misgiving' finds development in the titular poem, which is really a paraphrase of evolution ending in the heroic despair of agnosticism.

"Here, where I fail or conquer, here is my concern:

Here, where perhaps alone  
I conquer or I fail.  
Here, o'er the dark Deep blown,  
I ask no perfumed gale;  
I ask the unpampering breath  
That fits me to endure  
Chance, and victorious Death,  
Life, and my doom obscure,  
Who know not whence I am sped, nor to  
what port I sail."

This agnostic attitude is further voiced in 'The Unknown God',—

"The God I know of, I shall ne'er  
Know, though he dwells exceeding nigh.  
Raise thou the stone and find me there.  
Cleave thou the wood and there am I.  
Yea, in my flesh his spirit doth flow,  
Too near, too far, for me to know."

'An Inscription at Windemere' and 'The Heights and the Deep's' are pleasant tributes to scenes of Watson's childhood. The little lyric 'They and We' voices his characteristic note of quiet amidst the problems of modern life. 'Estrangement', one of Watson's finest sonnets, is quoted elsewhere in this issue. The volume concludes with poems on public events—a glowing tribute to Victoria and Elizabeth, an ode to Greece on the eve of the late war, and one after defeat, and a treatment of rather labored humor of the Irish question in an apologue of Jack, Sandy, and their halfbrother Pat.

On the whole, these last poems confirm the high admiration that Mr. Watson has won for his mastery of versification and his fine efforts to attain supreme heights of song.—(London and New York: John Lane.)

Mr. John Lane has issued in pamphlet form an American edition of Henry Newbolt's 'Admiral All and Other Verses'. These war ballads won the British public last year with their swinging rhythm.

their keen admiration of British daring, and the present interest of some of their themes such as the Gordons at Dargai. They suggest Mr. Kipling, but for all that, they are, after Mr. Kipling's verse, the best ballad verse of the day.

At the time of the year when boughs are hung with blossoms and every wind that blows is full of the joyousness of spring, the average reader will find in a volume of such tales as those grouped in 'King Circumstance' much matter for wonder. Are blue spectacles the fashionable wear for authors now-a-days? We rather expect them to be near-sighted or astigmatic. A pair of highly polished lenses set astride the nose of genius is outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace. It suggests that the great man is at least doing all he can to look at humanity with a proper focus. But this present epidemic of eyes too weak to bear the warm brilliance of sunshine, peering through glasses darkly, is quite another thing, and may well give a Democritus pause.

'Tis a glad world, glum my masters, a merry world, a happy world, though you would have us believe to the contrary. Some lives are dreary. Some tragedies befall. Some black depths of wickedness lie like pitfalls along the way. Yet still the general trend is steadily upwards, and responsive echoes are not wanting to the voice of Pippa singing as she passes, "All's right with the world."

Mr. Edwin Pugh, has so agreeable a method of story-telling that it is impossible not to regret his lack of the cheerful Pippa spirit. Unfortunately he has adopted instead the relentless creed of fatality in witness whereof the title-page of the book bears the quotation:

"There is a King whom all obey  
And his name is Circumstance."

Let him take his walks abroad in city or country or in a certain suburbia where he seems to be practically at home and he sees nothing to encourage a faith in free agency, only a belief in the existence of irresistible forces that catch up and hurry on helpless mortals like chaff whirled by the wind. He is a shrewd observer, and the dramatic value of a situation is never lost upon him. But he notes its sombre side, and his first and last stories alone approach to lightness of tone, unless it be 'The Anterior Time', which is a mere sketch. There is cynicism in 'Consolation', pathos in 'The Inevitable Thing', horror in 'The Martyrdom of the Mouse', a touch of genteel comedy in 'The Man of Silence', and a flavor of the 'Dolly Dialogues' in 'The Little Lady,' who, but for that insistent minor note, might have been created by Anthony Hope. One cannot help feeling that these glimpses of life were committed to paper through gray winter days, and hoping that Mr. Pugh will sit down some May-time to tell in the same simple effective way some of the delightful things that happen under bluer skies to people who have neither temptation nor opportunity to be anything but entertaining. (New York: Henry Holt and Company.)

There is a great deal of satisfaction to be found in a story that is really short and keeps the main purpose definitely in view, permitting no side-tracking of the interest. Nowadays so much work is done with a view to "space" that it is a pleasure to find such a collection of short stories in Annie Eliot Trumbull's 'A Christmas Accident and Other Stories'. Each of the stories is brightly and entertainingly told, with frequent clever touches, as when, in 'A Christmas Accident', Mrs. Gilton agreed with her husband that sociability toward one's neighbors is women's tomfoolery—"which of course it was; and she would have

believed it if a woman ever did believe anything a man says a great many times." Or where we learn that "a man cannot always change completely in a moment as a woman can." And there is a deal of truth and insight in a letter written by one of the characters to her mother, who has opposed her marrying on the general principle that no marriages are happy. "I have married Ira," it reads. "If I am to be unhappy I'd rather be unhappy this way. I can't be unhappy your way any longer." That the stories have a somewhat uncompleted aspect is one of their charms—they are episodes, just such fragments as one might hear in the course of a day. Especially does the 'Postlude' answer this description. We meet Lucy Eastman and Mary Leonard in the simplest possible manner, and all that we need to know we learn incidentally as the story progresses without any exact description of their history and family antecedents. Perhaps in good Philadelphia this knowledge is presupposed. Be this as it may, the stories lose no interest from this characteristic. (New York: A. S. Barnes and Company.)

Before the late war between Greece and Turkey was ended reporters were hurrying westward from Thessaly, having won in their visit of a few weeks valuable impressions of "war," of Greece, and of the Greeks, which various magazines and books have since given to the world. To these men the war was a show. They noticed many picturesque details of the everyday life of the country which would escape eyes more familiar with Greece. Being ignorant of the language of the people among whom they moved, they could look at what these people were doing as at a pantomime. We have had from them merely clever sketches of the outward appearance of things.

At a time when the subject of the Greek War, as treated by spectators, was thoroughly exhausted, there has appeared a book which presents the war not as a spectacle but as a drama. The author of 'The Broom of the War God' either himself played a part in this drama or stood in very close relations with some of the actors in it. By calling his book a novel, Mr. Brailsford may mislead. There is no plot and little fiction in this story of the English company of the Philhellene Legion. The absence of plot, though apparent to any reader, is not unpleasant, for the war itself determines the outlines of the story, and there is no lack of dramatic action in the fortunes of the characters. Only "those who were there" can fully appreciate how closely Mr. Brailsford has kept to the facts. While the book is chiefly concerned with the adventures of "Graham," an English volunteer, its real hero is Varatasi, the Greek commander of the Philhellene Legion who fell at Domoko. His character is drawn with absolute fidelity. Varatasi, Captain Birch, Adjutant Sinclair, General Richard Garibaldi, Prince Constantine do in the book what they did in real life.

"Mavromishali" and "Palli" bear well-known names and represent familiar types of character. The portraits of the Philhellenes are excellent. The motives which led the individual members to join the Legion and the ways in which the volunteers met the experience of war are set forth with no attempt at idealization and afford true data for a good deal of psychological reflection. The book is concerned more with foreigners than with Greeks, but the chapter entitled 'A Gentle Shepherd', and many scattered passages, attest the author's knowledge of Thessalian life, in which he is evidently helped by an acquaintance with Modern Greek. A tendency to make it appear that the Foreign Legion did all the fighting in the war and that the English gave all the ambulance aid that was efficient, though perhaps natural, is to be regretted.

It has been the fortune of the writer of this notice to be present at the Easter service in the English church at Athens, to make the trip on the "Albania" from Volo with the wounded; to see the battle of Domoko, and, after the battle, to make the retreat to Lamia with the army; to have drunk coffee many times in the cafés of Lamia, to have known Sinclair, and to have witnessed the memorial services for Varatasi, Sinclair, and the dead Philhellenes. No other account of the war has been so satisfactory to us as that presented by Mr. Brailsford in this volume. (New York: D. Appleton and Company.)

'A Desert Drama' which, during its serial publication, was called 'The Tragedy of the Korosko', is the literary result of A. Conan Doyle's recent visit to Egypt. Something original was to be expected from the impress of a new environment upon an original mind; and the expectation has been fulfilled. The author takes a representative collection of tourists who have traveled together up the Nile on the "Korosko" and projects them from Wady Halfy upon a pleasure excursion into the Arabian desert, where they are captured by dervishes. The account of the rescue is given in a fine, stirring fashion with all due credit to the 'Gipsy Camel Corps.' The desert stage-setting is well executed, and no opportunity is lost for the exhibition of national characteristics, the tourists being English, Irish, French, and American. And against them the Arabs stand out, like the seventh century versus the nineteenth.

Dr. Doyle is an observer, speaks from without his characters, never from within, and sketches them lightly in a few strokes. While making us see everything that happens, sparing us no harrowing detail of Mr. Brown's death, for example, he cannot make us enter into the place of one of his people, for he does not do so himself. One should not quarrel with an opera glass because it is not a microscope. Most readers find Mr. Doyle a restful change from Mr. George Meredith, and many will admire his 'Desert Drama' for its occasional broad humor, its strong dramatic situations, and its vivid description of the Nile and the desert in a region rendered specially interesting through the present operations of the Anglo-Egyptian army. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.)

Maxwell Gray's latest book, 'Ribstone Pippins', will not gain from the general public the interest or the appreciation won by 'The Silence of Dean Maitland' and 'In the Heart of the Storm'. The earlier one of these two stories was written when the author was only eighteen, a fact which possibly added slightly to the popularity of the book, and one which promised better things for the future than 'Ribstone Pippins' has realized. As a story this last is disappointing,—as an episode merely, it is rather good. The scenery is too detailed, and the plot is too slight to carry the description, which is enough for a two-volume novel, while this little story, even including its sunsets and its roads, both of which are long, can be read in an hour. However, there is a good-looking young waggoner who has the defects of his qualities, to quote George Sand, and whose feelings always accord with his principles. Nowadays most people in novels have both principles and feelings, but they find it easier to achieve plot-interest if they do not allow them to come into contact with each other. Therefore, Jacob Hardinge is less complex and more direct than the ordinary hero, who a few years ago went in for green carnations, morally, and lately has taken to slumming. Throughout this story there are numerous suggestions of Hardy, usually when a road goes over the top of a hill or a man leans on a gate,—Mr. Hardy's roads and men usually do this sort of

thing,—and one is impressed with the crispness and freshness of the atmosphere, and with the author's intuitive understanding of the very commonest aspects of country life. There is a pervasive odor of apples about it all—hard, juicy, red and gold apples, Ribstone pippins, and it is sufficiently old-fashioned to end well. (New York: Harper and Brothers.)

The collection of ten 'Tales of the City Room' by Elizabeth G. Jordan are extremely well written, being models of condensed expression. They are of the kind which have gained for Americans their high reputation as short-story writers, and though they suggest the work of Richard Harding Davis and other newspaper men they have also a decidedly original flavor. Each of the tales forms a distinct and thoroughly artistic picture, illustrating the lot of the woman journalist, or rather a particular and generally a pathetic phase of life as seen through her eyes.

This glimpse behind the scenes is not entirely agreeable, at least to the woman reader. The woman journalist is here shown as the instrument of the New York press to work up those sensational stories born of nothing with which the public is fed. She must accustom herself to going alone at any hour of the day or night into the lowest quarters of a great city; she must harden herself, put on a bold front, and make "copy" for her paper out of the most sacred emotions of the human heart. The privacy of the Candidate's wife must be invaded to discover her opinion of the position of the American woman in politics; the woman accused of murdering her husband must be interviewed in the hope that to a sister-woman she may make the longed-for confession, and so on.

The sketches appear realistic because the author evidently knows whereof she speaks, but is it possible for Ruth Herrick, her ideal reporter, or indeed for any of the others, to retain after years of such work the fine sensibilities with which Miss Jordan credits them in 'A Point of Ethics'? (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

'So Runs the World', by Henryk Sienkiewicz, has an interest other than that of his other volumes, since it contains a paper on Zola and a distinct statement of the belief of a great novelist concerning the school of literature of which Zola has made himself the chief representative. That this conclusion is one of sanity, of imagination, and of art in its best sense, any reader of the Polish writer's work will be sure of without waiting to read it. Of the other compositions, 'Win or Lose' is a play which, were it not for the extended speeches of two characters, which set forth philosophically the purpose of the drama, might be staged without difficulty, and has one or two good comedy characters to balance the prevailing tragedy. 'The Verdict' is an amusing bit of classical burlesque. 'Whose Fault?' is a conventional situation, quite conventionally treated. The florid and quite inconsequent preface of the translator, M. de Soissons, does not add much to the value of the volume. (New York: F. Tennyson Neely.)

It is said that naval officers often asked Charles Kingsley how he came by the knowledge of seafaring matters which he displayed in 'Westward Ho!' In 'For Love of Country' we again have a parson writing a stirring tale of adventure, but it is no mystery that Archdeacon Brady should know the sea, for his youth was spent in the navy. The story, which is one of both land and sea during the American Revolution, moves with breathless energy. The account of Washington's crossing the Delaware and the subsequent surprise of the Hessians are no whit less absorbing than the encounter of the "Randolph" and the "Yarmouth",

in which latter the author might be supposed to be more at home.

The pretty heroine figures only in the early and closing chapters; but this is well, for like Touchstone we never heard that "breaking of ribs was sport for ladies", and even in her brief appearances she sees fighting enough. She is a charmingly inconsistent young person, the heart's desire of two gallant officers. The complications which might be expected to arise are in the end obviated by the fall at Princeton of the less favored suitor.

The sketches of well-known historical characters are vivid and convincing, and if Washington is idealized as man and soldier, far better this than a certain modern tendency to seek for flaws in his character. Still the truth—neither white nor black—would be best. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

'The Later Georges to Victoria', the fourth volume in Donald G. Mitchell's series, 'English Lands and Letters', completes that series and is typical of it. It will prove a book of but incidental value. We all know what is meant by sanctimoniousness. In this book we find the literary equivalent of that quality. There is over all an adoring vagueness, a "sweetness and light" of a sort that Mr. Arnold would hardly have appreciated. Mr. Mitchell laments over graves, deplores vices, extols virtues—and who shall say that he should not? Mr. Mitchell's moral purpose is above reproach. What is to be regretted is that it results in a fluent monotony, that everything is sicklied o'er with a pale cast of adoration. Here is one example: "There," we are told, "we found Coleridge, before he was yet besotted by his opium-hunger; there, too, we had church interview (!) with the stately silver-haired poet of Rydal Mount making ready for his last Excursion into the deepest of Nature's mysteries." There is also an air of bland patronage, a tender superiority to the authors discussed, especially if, like Coleridge and DeQuincey, they have defects of character. One can perhaps pardon Carlyle's "poor Browning", but Mr. Mitchell's amiable arrogance has not equally the excuse of genius.

In form the book is random, though with some laborious attempt at system. One is always adrift, limited only by the bounds of the nineteenth century. The style lacks both simplicity and distinction. One encounters strange coinings, "engagement", for instance, and one finds oneself tossed to and fro in a short sea of dashes and exclamatory phrases. Here is a bit of Ruskin, here a trace of Carlyle; nowhere does one lay hold of a style distinctly Mr. Mitchell's own.

The book is a very creditable compilation, suffering from the efforts of its author to conceal the fact that he was compiling. Such a book may be useful, within limits. It may rouse in the unread an interest in some of the authors described, but it cannot be relied on as a study of their characters, an estimate of their work, a history of their times, or a description of their haunts. It is a literary Jack-of-all-trades,—amiable, excitable, unsuccessful, but by no means bad company unless taken too seriously. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

A book which did not receive, on this side of the Atlantic, the notice it deserved when it first appeared in London in 1887 is the 'Campaign of Sedan, The Downfall of the Second Empire, August-September, 1870', by George Hooper. It has now been republished, in cheaper form, in Bohn's Standard Library and will undoubtedly reach the much larger circle of interested persons to which its extreme readability entitles it. Apart from the correction of a few errors, no changes have been made in the text of the original

edition, but there has been added to the book what is very welcome and is, indeed, an essential of a usable historical work, a carefully compiled index. An excellent feature of the book are the plans and map. The latter, a general map of the war-field, enables the reader to follow the author intelligently in his sketch of the campaign, while the plans of the six more important battles that are described in detail are of the greatest assistance in understanding the manoeuvres of the opposing armies. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

'Citizenship and Salvation', by Dr. Alfred H. Lloyd, is a study of the death of Socrates and the death of Christ, with the influences leading up to and resulting from each. Professor Lloyd has evidently made a rather careful study of his subject, and his little volume contains many suggestive thoughts, but on the whole we cannot regard it as very profitable reading. It is written in the spirit of Neo-Hegelianism, and the style is involved, prolix, wandering. Much weight is laid upon far-fetched and rather strained analogies, and the author seems to delight in abstract and indirect ways of expressing his thoughts. There is a recurrence of such epigrammatic utterances as the following: "Art always defines the past, and definition of the past sets the future free" (p. 14).

Professor Lloyd loves, in common with other members of the school which he represents, to retain old words while giving them new meanings. He insists upon the survival after death of Socrates and Christ, but the significance he attaches to their immortality and the nature of their influence may be gathered from a sentence on p. 37: "Socrates survived his death as the same self-hood which he had brought to so perfect an expression, the self-hood that before his birth had been the innermost motive of Greece, and that after his execution became his own freed activity." The love of paradoxical expression displayed in the book comes out well in the author's attempt to show that in crucifying Christ and in adopting the profession of money-lending, the Jews embraced Christianity.

It is a pity that Professor Lloyd has thrown around his ideas this veil of pedantic obscurity. He has no message to deliver that might not have been announced clearly and unambiguously. The great value of clearness in style is that it reveals both the merits and the defects of a book. Obscurity tends to conceal both. (Boston: Little, Brown, and Company.)

France has contributed to history more of the picturesque than any other nation. She has always shown a disposition to sacrifice the substantial benefits of peace to the vain shadow of military glory. The army has always been, as it is to-day, something sacred. It was this quality of the French people that made possible the rise of the Napoleonic dynasty. Nothing was less likely than the accession of Napoleon I to the throne of France, except the accession of his nephew Napoleon III. Yet both these seeming impossibilities came to pass.

In bringing before us certain striking epochs of French history, M. de Saint-Amand acts as a skillful master of ceremonies as well as a thoughtful historian. He may have his preferences and predilections, but he allows himself no obvious prejudices. All is sufficiently calm, but the facts as he marshals them wear their best face. There is an urbanity about it all, a decided grace in presentation, an accord with our common instincts of what is just, right, and ultimately best, that his books are deservedly popular.

Napoleon I made an appeal to the imagination of France, strong and lasting enough to render possible

the Second Empire. Napoleon was a despot where Louis Napoleon was an intriguer; neither had any scruples; both men were tyrants, in the old Greek sense of the word; both were adventurers; and however unlike they may have been personally, there was a strong family resemblance between them in their personal ambition and cold strength of will; and the face of each man was a mask.

The court of Napoleon I was like a phantasmagoria; there were names rather than things. Napoleon dominated all with an iron hand, and yet amid much that was hollow and insincere, such was his power that he did attract some loyal souls, and in some instances did inspire an almost idolatrous affection. But the court of Napoleon III was but a shadow's shadow. The hollowiness and mockery were intensified, and a certain romantic glamour was gone. His court impresses one as being almost wholly of self-seekers, and the saving grace of a personal attachment is wanting.

The last book of M. de Saint-Amand—'Napoleon III and his Court'—gives us Napoleon III, Eugénie, and the Court at the best and most effective moment, the golden age of the Empire, as the author calls it. The book is very clear in its presentation of men and events; the historical narrative is easy and flowing, and the translation very good. The author's personal knowledge of the subject, falling as so much of it did within his own time, gives to his pages a noticeable freshness and vigor. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

In the 'Age of Charlemagne' Professor Wells has achieved remarkable success. His purpose is to give an interesting and non-technical account of the history of the eighth and ninth centuries. As he himself says, the field is too vast to be successfully covered. But he has chosen his subjects wisely and has presented fairly accurate pictures, even in the brief space at his command. The account of the learning at the court of Charles the Great and the chapter on the Pseudo-Isidorian decretals are the best parts of the book.

If viewed critically, and by its apparatus and form it courts such an inquiry, the work shows certain faults. The proof-reading has been careless in places. Some dates are wrong, as the birth of St. Columbanus, p. 345. Migne is quoted by page and not by column. In the bibliography Potthast and Wattenbach are cited in old editions; Bouquet, Muratori, and other necessary works are omitted. But these are minor defects, which deserve mention only because the book, in addition to its popular character, aspires to be a guide to the student.

Professor Wells has shown especial wisdom in using the sources so largely. His book has a freshness and interest that can be secured by no other means. In spite of the fact that we have several other excellent works covering a portion of the same ground, the 'Age of Charlemagne' fulfills its purpose and can be cordially recommended to the general public. (New York: The Christian Literature Company.)

The latest issue of the series of 'Pioneers of Southern Literature', by Samuel Albert Link, treats of Edgar Allan Poe as a genius both in story and song. (Nashville, Tenn.: Barber and Smith.)

'Whitaker's Almanack' for 1898 is as usual a veritable encyclopaedia of names covering parliament, naval, military and civil service, county and municipal officers, colleges and learned societies of Great Britain, together with news of the world's affairs. The volume is indispensable to the library. (London: Thomas Whitaker.)



## With the Magazines.

'Harper's' for April is pervaded by a timely flavor of war. General George A. Forsyth tells again the story of Appomattox; Frederic Remington writes of cavalry tactics on the plains, illustrating the movements of men and horses in customary vivid fashion, and Captain James Parker points out the need of something in the United States to correspond to Aldershot, where the regulars and the National Guard might be trained together. We have Dr. Andrew Wilson's first paper on the by-ways of the brain, but it is to be hoped that its successors will offer some fresh material, the substance of this one having appeared in 'Longman's' for December. The last 'Century' makes a special study of coal-mining. Edward Atkinson hails coal as the king who gives to England and America signal advantages in the world's commerce. Edward W. Parker estimates that the supply of anthracite coal in Pennsylvania will last for two hundred years to come. A Pennsylvania colliery village is described by H. E. Rood, who dwells particularly on the polyglot character of such a community, and by Jay Hambidge who views it with an artist's eye. Both lay stress on the degraded condition and brutal habits of the foreign element among the miners. Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson brings her interesting Mexican reminiscences to a close with the tragedy of the ill-starred Maximilian. The experiences which Professor Wyckoff continues to record in 'Scribner's' serve to deepen our admiration of the amazing pluck which kept him among the submerged, when a short step would at any time have brought him back among his own people. Brander Matthews discusses the conventions which are inevitable in all art, but particularly noticeable in dramatic art. It is all a question of more or less, he says, and as long as the temporary conventionality is acceptable, no one remarks its absurdity which is obvious to every one as soon as it falls out of fashion. This is interesting, but scarcely new; Jerome K. Jerome noted these same peculiarities of "stageland" some time back.

A brief but striking article in the 'Cosmopolitan' by Speaker Reed is entitled 'The Conquest of Fear'. Do we realize what we gain by emancipation from terror of the unknown? This "victory, even yet is won for less than a third of the race and has been fought out through unknown centuries amid tears and terrors". 'Meriel', Amélie Rives's new novel, which appears in 'Lippincott's', while free from the more glaring faults of the author's work, is hardly more than a slender thread of narrative strung with quotations more or less appropriate. It must be admitted that the more important articles in the last 'Atlantic' are too technical to appeal to the general reader. This is especially true of 'The Evolution of Satellites' by G. H. Darwin. W. J. McGee's description of the agonies of thirst in the desert may be accurately studied from observation and experience, but there seems no good reason for inflicting such horrors on the public. A charming sketch at the very end of the number is by W. H. Schofield who tells of Björnson and Ibsen in their everyday life.

'The North American Review' opens with a view of the state of Ireland since 1798, by John E. Redmond, M.P. Its trend is sufficiently indicated by the following quotation. "Deep down in the very heart of the nation the Union is still, after nearly a hundred years, regarded as a usurpation. . . . resistance to it is still in the abstract a duty and the exhibition of that resistance is a mere question of prudence." A timely and interesting article is by Lieutenant J. H. Gibbons. We have all but forgotten the past naval importance of the Great Lakes, but they become worth more than a passing thought when

it is considered that around them the iron and steel industry has developed to an enormous degree, and that improved canals will soon make a deep water outlet to the sea and thereby give an impetus to our merchant marine which will necessarily involve the expansion of the navy. It is also most important that inland men should be trained for service afloat, which training they might well acquire on the Lakes. In the 'Forum' John M. Robinson, taking the position that genius is conditioned, economically, morally and socially, examines the theory of Sir Francis Galton, which may be briefly summarized as the belief that genius is certain to work its way to the front. With Professor Cooley, he denies this proposition and says: "The most pressing necessity for most men being the earning of a livelihood, it stands to reason that some men with the capacity for great things in thought and expression, finding it nearly impossible to earn a fair income by such activity, will turn from that path to one of those where earning is incomparably easier." Sidney Low assures us that, despite all theories, England is really governed by a Cabinet Oligarchy; the ministry being with few exceptions drawn, one third from the Premier's political associates and supporters among the peers, and the remainder from landowners, capitalists, and successful professional men, who make up London society. Dr. Ridpath in the 'Arena', sings the praises of W. J. Bryan, whose article on foreign influence in American politics opens a number which also contains Henry C. Whitney's notable study of Abraham Lincoln, a most sympathetic record of that "most individual man who ever lived."

The current 'Municipal Affairs' is devoted to municipal art; its gist is contained in a quotation from Ruskin: "You may have thought that beauty was expensive. You are wrong. It is ugliness that costs."

Children in fiction have received their due share of attention, but never were there more delightful "young-uns" than those Miss E. Nesbit gives us in the 'Pall Mall Magazine': "Good Hunting" it is indeed, and we rejoice that there are to be more child-sketches by the same author as the months go by. There is a most delightful half-hour's reading in 'The Primate of the Wits' in 'Temple Bar'; we all know Sidney Smith's good things, but we seldom think of him as the faithful country parson, studying law that he might be more just as a magistrate, and trying endless experiments in agriculture, seasoning all these pursuits with his irrepressible fun.

The 'Gentleman's Magazine' contains, with much else of interest, a study of some vanished Victorian institutions by W. J. Kechie. In reading it one is constantly reminded of the novels with scenes in the first half of the century, those of Dickens in particular. Gratna Green marriages, fire-eating duelists, and bold smugglers are recognized "properties", but perhaps we hardly realize what fiction accomplished for reform by vivid pictures of the horrible work of resurrectionists, the evils of the hulks, the wholesale executions and brutal punishments, and the child-slavery in mines and factories. An article entitled 'The Guerrillo', which Americans will do well to ponder, is in 'Blackwood's'. The writer insists that no race of men has contributed to history so many or such excellent, examples of the kind of fighter who carries the methods of an intelligent brigandage into serious war, as the Spanish. The Spaniard remains very much what he was when he fought the Roman and the Moor, and it is consistent with everything else about him that he should be so good as an irregular fighter, and so indifferent as a disciplined man. Harriet Mellquham writes in the 'Westminster Review' of Mary Astell, who, a century before Mary Wollstonecraft published her 'Rights of Women', advocated justice for her sex. The influence of her thoughts may be clearly traced from her day to this.

"Women", she said, "need not take up with mean things since . . . they are capable of the best."

The 'Nineteenth Century' opens with Francis de Pressensé's 'France and England', a rather vague and sentimental plea that the lines of the borders in the forthcoming map of the world be not traced in blood. Mme. Van Amstel in 'Elenore Dolbreuse and Queen Victoria' traces a curious by-path in royal genealogies. Herbert Paul, reviewing two recent books, gives high praise to Mr. Wallas's 'Life of Place' as a vivid and authoritative account of a character of singular strength and singular roughness. The concluding article, by Benjamin Taylor, declares that Unions, like all close corporations of labor, will by their exactions drive away industries from localities, and that when the union delegate comes in at the factory door, honest industry flies out at the window. In the 'Contemporary', Lord Salisbury's foreign policy is savagely attacked as a sad and sorry attempt to steer a ship of state through waters of which every sandbank and rocky headland were clearly marked. There is an answer to M. de Pressensé's late invitation to England to declare for one of the Alliances. The anonymous writer sees no good reason why the "balance of power" should not be left balancing, nor why England, the Power whose interests lie exclusively in peace, should not like the United States, lie beyond the sphere of balance. David Christie Murray's notes on the Zola case are valuable as coming from an eye witness, and moreover express the feeling latent in every Anglo-Saxon mind, that neither Gilbert nor Mark Twain could beat the grotesque incidents of the whole extraordinary business. J. A. Hobson, reviewing the recently expressed economic theories of Mr. Mallock, indignantly denies that trades-unionism has at any place or time "sought to control any other element of business than the conditions under which free owners of labor-power shall sell the commodity which is their

source of livelihood." The unfortunate Premier receives yet another rap in the 'Fortnightly'. However this article closes with the admission that whatever his mistakes, in a world of infinite "bounce and pettifoggery", Lord Salisbury is the one dignified figure. One can but wish that Miss Mary Kingsley's view of the liquor traffic in West Africa were expressed with less of the above-mentioned "bounce", for she has that to say which would be worth hearing were it lest flippantly said. Stephen Gwynn, commenting on the Stevenson fragments, holds that 'Weir of Hermiston' does but reveal our inestimable loss, for Stevenson here wrote in a new vein, and gave us "romance primarily of emotions, not of incident"—something deeper and fuller than he had given before. The first-fruits of what promises to be an abundant harvest appears in a comparison of the naval positions of Spain and the United States by Fred. T. Jane. He contends that the only really clear point in the 'Maine' affair is that absolute proof of cause is impossible. In two points the writer's views show that he is out of range: he entertains serious belief that the South American republics may throw in their lot with the "dying mother of the dissipated Spanish empire", and he fails utterly to realize the power of healing sectional jealousy which lies in a common indignation.

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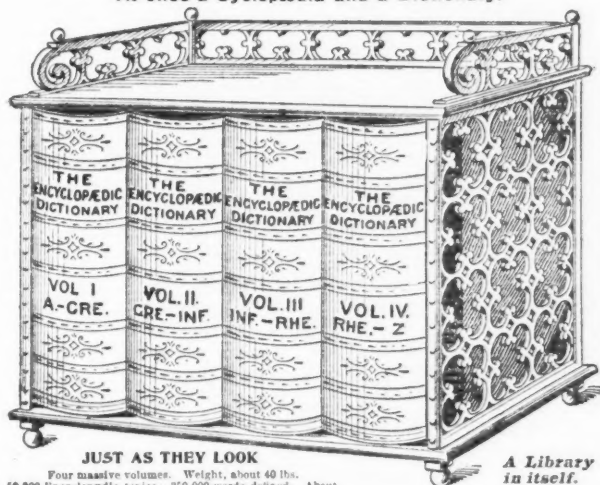
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